

He Is Risen

By CHARLES EDWARD HEWITT

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An impending stillness brooded—it was Good Friday morning and Mary Deyo the elder viciously manipulated ingredients for a batch of hot-cross-buns from the sheer habit of a custom handed down from her New England forefathers. Mary, her niece, was tremulously awaiting the words that would next come from her guardian's tight-drawn lips. There was a marked resemblance between the two women, the one's angular thinness and hard-showing features symbolizing a main stem that has run to seed, whose well-pruned offshoot takes upon itself the comeliness of youthful fragility.

"I low ye shan't marry a preacher; there's nough said on't," came the rasping sentence at last.

The flush of excitement that had previously suffused the young girl's delicate cheeks now gave place to a pallor which drew unto itself even the ironical glance of the maker of buns. "Aunt Mary," she said slowly, "you would have married a preacher long ago, and now you are punishing John and me for that other's sin."

"Land to goodness!" ejaculated the spinster as her niece stalked from the kitchen. "It's a blessed thing I got my foot down now else I'd be'n clean run from the house. That John Wilson's a high steppin' critter," she continued to herself. "See what he's jested into that gal already. Marry a preacher, indeed! hypocrites the hull passel of 'em. And there's Deekin Sims; and every psalm-singer sister in the meetin' house. What do



But His Dancing Eyes Sobered at the Motion of Her Head.

they keer of I go to perdition, or jest turn into a hopper-toad as some idlers claims dead people becomes?" The irritated woman here slammed down a freshly baked pan of delicacies to emphasize her thoughts. Her mind was afloat on a theme with which it had wrestled for many a dreary year; and being over bold from long familiarity it drew to depths that have led to destruction many an unsuspecting bark.

"Bah! with such religion," it whispered. "It pears ter me, Mary Deyo, ef God had ever been flesh and blood, and was truly gone back to Heaven, he wouldn't have let you git flitted and people act that-a-way in His house."

Something happened at this point; the mighty heredit bestowed by a line of God-fearing forebears clutched for the spirit that was aloft on the balances; and in the act of forming a sugar cross, the wrinkled hand started a-trembling as from an ague. "May the Almighty forgive me," moaned the woman, and swept the buns unsugared into the closet.

Mary, the younger, passed a miserable existence through the following hours. The young minister who had but recently come to the village was expected that evening to sue for her hand, and unless the proverbial worm should turn and take matters to itself, his outlook was anything but bright. The elder Mary's demeanor was more morose than combative during the day; her turgid tongue giving utterance to no admonitions or rebukes, which circumstance would have called from the girl great wonderment at any other time. Spring had already breathed over the village lowlands, and the air was primed with that fragrant aroma which tells so surely to man that he was not meant to live alone. But the chirping peepers in the distant swamp seemed a melancholy chorus to Mary Deyo as she awaited in the fast-deepening twilight her lover's coming. On the morrow he was to lead the Easter services at the old Meeting house; and how joyously she had anticipated this as the fit occasion to publish her hap-

pinness. "If we can't marry I will stop going to meeting," she unconsciously resolved.

"Hello, Girl! Is it good news you have to tell this wonderful eve of Easter?" cheerily greeted John Wilson. But his dancing eyes sobered at the motion of her head. "Come, stop a bit and talk it over," he said gently; and as the depth of the spinster's prejudice was made clear to him the man hummed a few notes of a favorite hymn, as was his wont in perplexing moments. "See here, little girl!" he spoke after a bit. "The trouble lies in that your aunt has lost faith both in God and man; those sanctimonious hypocrites at the Meeting house are greatly to blame for it too. Now this is Easter Tide, when all people should rejoice together, so I shall write on this slip of paper the most cherished knowledge of my soul; and will you give her it this night and say: 'John Wilson wants that you should partake of his joy even though he may not share yours.'"

"But John! that will not bring our marriage any nearer," whispered the girl, turning aside lest he should catch the quaver in her voice.

A strong arm drew her close. "You ask her again about me, Girlie, in the morning; there is a miracle in my joy." And pressing the folded slip to her bosom Mary Deyo prayed for the showing of the miracle.

"Is Jesus Christ in Heaven pray?" over and over again did a seducing voice inquire, and mock and disclaim, to a meagre stern faced little woman who strove vainly to elude it. "Wrote me did he?" she snapped, as the note was timidly given her. "For two pins I'd pitch it into the hearth!" But late that night the crumpled slip was still held in trembling grasp.

Twenty years the old family Bible had lain unused in the spare closet. "We'll see it it backs up this note of that triflin' preacher," muttered Mary the elder at near on to midnight. Her eyes showed cold and glinting as she opened the Great Book; but soon the hardness melted before that which has ransomed the guilt of eternity. "Could a man pray for them that nail Him to a tree?" she marveled. "And the Story sure reads likely: Ef He did, hadn't I oughter pray for Deekin Sims and the rest of 'em?—and—maybe fer him that deserted me? Oh You Preacher! You that prayed fer them that nailed Ye! Ask the Almighty Father to forgive a sinful woman."

The hours passed by unnoted by the elder Mary, and as gilded waves swelled upwards from the east, she glanced from her chamber window and saw a girlish figure steal from the house and start ascending a hill which overlooked the village. "Land to gracious! It's Mary a-goin' to git a look at where he's a-stoppin'," she ejaculated, and then the Wondrous Story that her eyes had but read in the Book unfolded to her soul in the mightiness of its Truth. "It must have be'n sech a mornin' when that Other Mary went to see His Grave," she whispered. "And then She found THIS:—and the crumpled slip of paper was smoothed in the lamp's fast fading light. "I see it! My poor old eyes see it," cried the woman, now on her knees. "And I must set the gal a seelin' of it too."

Down stairs shuffled the little woman, an near falling in her feverish haste. "There! That plagued door ain't shut," she gasped. "Never mind, with the Lord's help this old hand o'mine 'll stay to the plow and I won't turn back."

It was a steep ascent and the panting pursuer called wildly to the other. "Wait fer me, gal, I want to tell yer about the note." But the object of her beseechings thought enmity was in the motive and quickened the pace to a run. A mighty wonder had mean while gathered in the east, whose translucent halo glowed and deepened with the sublime travelling of the morn, and lo! There was born to the quickening earth a ball of molten gold; by whose spendor night's sorrow sweat was changed to iridescent glory. For some reason the glowing radiance dazzled the fleeing girl, and her foot caught upon a stone.

"Let me help yer Mary, child," panted the other woman, in a voice so pining even herself in its gentleness. "I only wanted to show ye what that there preacher of yer'n wrote ter me. I've be'n a miserable crittur all these years, but now I thank the Almighty that He has One Good Son and that maybe ye have found out that takes after Him some."

The younger Mary read the crumpled note, and then glanced at the shining east. "The words are true," she murmured. "God also has said in yonder sky, 'HE IS RISEN.'"

DOUSTED AS TEACHER

Mrs. Stetson Barred from Teaching Christian Science.

Her License Revoked Because She Gave Students in New York Wrong Idea of the Eddy Doctrines.

Boston.—Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, of New York, has not been "expelled" or "dismissed" from the Christian Science church, according to a statement from Alfred Harlow, Chairman of the Mother church committee on publication, but has had her license as a practitioner revoked. Mrs. Stetson still retains her membership in the church.

The move is the result of a long inquiry in the methods employed by her in teaching. The board of directors in its report finds that Mrs. Stetson teaches her students that the New York branch of the church, with which she is connected, is the only legitimate Christian Science church in that city, that she has been teaching an erroneous sense of the doctrines, that Mrs. Stetson has so far strayed from the right as to be unfit for the work of a Christian Science teacher.

The trustees of the church have adopted amendments to the by-laws of the church that will prevent, it is believed, a recurrence of exactly the same troubles experienced by the trustees in the case of Mrs. Stetson.

Section 2 of article 3, on the care of pupils, is amended to read as follows:

"Christian Scientists who are teachers shall carefully select for pupils only such as have good past records and promising proclivities toward Christian Science. A teacher shall not assume personal control of or attempt to dominate his pupils, but he shall hold himself morally obligated to promote their progress in the understanding of divine principle not



only during the class term but after it, and to watch well that they prove sound in sentiment and practical in Christian Science.

"He shall persistently and patiently counsel his pupils in conformity with the unerring laws of God and shall enjoin them habitually to study the scriptures and Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, as a help thereto."

NEW RAILROAD PRESIDENT

Ira G. Rawn Works Up from Telegraph Operator to Chief Executive of the Monon.

New York.—At a meeting of the directors of the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville (Monon) railroad in New York, October 14, Ira G. Rawn, vice-president of the Illinois Central, was chosen president of the road. He succeeded W. H. McDoel, who retires from the presidency on November 1, but who retains his place in the directorate and as a member of the executive committee.

Mr. Rawn has been connected with the Illinois Central since 1903, having been made assistant to J. T. Harahan at that time. He rapidly was



Ira G. Rawn.

advanced through the offices of general superintendent of transportation, assistant general manager, and general manager.

Before going to the Illinois Central he was general superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio. He started his railroad service as a telegraph operator on the Baltimore & Ohio at Cincinnati, 29 years ago. He is now 61 years old.

Beat Runs into School of Shiners.

On the last trip of the independent steamer American into Mobile the boat plowed through a school of shiners and minnows for several miles.

The wheel of the boat hurled the fish on to the decks of the vessel and Capt. Lou Keene says that the fish were so thick on the sides of the boat that he had to put deck hands to work shoveling them back into the water. A number of good fish were carried back to the cook room and every one on board enjoyed a bit of fresh water sh.—Mobile Register.

Pretty Tea Gowns



The gown on the left is a charming model of white Ninon and a quantity of white lace. The gown is made up over a closely fitted slip of pale pink satin. A large rose trims the bodice at the front, and there are touches of pale rose velvet ribbon here and there. The gown on the right is a pale green satin, with lace overdress.

IN FASHION'S LATEST WHIM

Handsome Gown That Would Make Up Handsomely in a Dove Gray Cashmere.

Dove gray cashmere would make up charmingly in this style; a panel is made from shoulders to hem in front, and at the back it is continued as far as the yoke, which is arranged at the top of sides of skirt; the lower part of skirt is plaited and set to yoke, the plaits being stitched down about six inches. Russia braid put on in a



wavy pattern forms the trimming; the waist-band of folded chiffon velvet is taken under the edges of front panel, holes being cut and button-holed for it to pass through; piece lace forms the yoke, which is outlined by Russia braid; the sleeve is set to a deep cuff.

Hat of gray straw edged with black and trimmed with wings.

Materials required: Eight yards cashmere 48 inches wide, 1 1/2 dozen yards braid, 1 1/2 dozen buttons, half yard piece lace.

STARTING LITTLE ONE RIGHT

Small Girl Will Take Delight in Doing Housework If She Is Encouraged.

If girls are encouraged in doing housework, they are more apt to have a liking for it. The little girl is taught how to wipe dishes, place the chairs, brush the table, draw the blinds, etc. Later she will want to cook and she can start by boiling potatoes, baking potatoes, cooking cereals, frying eggs and bacon. Gradually she can be taught how to clean vegetables, and all of these little things add to her knowledge of kitchen work. Don't scold her if she makes a mistake. The little beginner should not feel that the kitchen is a place where she is more liable to receive scoldings than elsewhere, or it will be only natural for her to try and shun it. A child has the natural desire to want to work or learn the rudiments, and the mother who notes all his, teaches what is to be learned, yet is to add the encouraging words, "I will find a very ambitious co-

ALL HAVE THREAD OF BLACK

Season's Materials Marked with This Peculiar and Extremely Effective Touch.

One of the odd and effective touches of the season materials is to weave a heavy thread of black through everything. This idea is evolved from homespun, the imported variety that has that flickering black or gray thread playing hide and seek over the surface.

The new dull red basket cloth, which is the color of grapes, and is to be quite fashionable, has this thread of black looping in and out of the weave. Smart top coats for autumn wear outside of the city are of white cloth, with a black thread through it.

A suit or coat of this rough cloth with a black thread is naturally trimmed in black. It looks as though we were coming in for a big season of black—hats, gowns, wraps and accessories.

One hears more of the all black gown in the dressmaking houses than for years past. It is not now advised for economy's sake, but for fashion. All materials contribute to it. It is to be worn for the street, for the house, and quite a good bit for the evening. There is no hint of color being combined with it, but always a touch of white.

Smart house gowns of black have yoke and sleeves of pin-tucked white tulle and then touches of faceted jet. The top coat of black in fur moiré or cloth is highly fashionable and the epidemic of black hats is in full away. Conservative women feel they are getting their feet on firm ground again when black and white is in first style. They have been pretty much buffeted by sartorial breakers recently and they are quite relieved to be safe again.

Overcast Together.

When heavy Russian crash, such as is now used for portieres, is too narrow in width, don't be dissuaded from the use of this beautiful colorless material, but just overcast its width together after the manner of the Bagdad portiere. You will find no hangings more effective for studio and library use than those soft-toned crash, and the heavy linen overcasting down each seam will render them even more attractive. To do the overcasting use the coarsest of carpet thread or a flax that is sold in skeins.

Canadian Work.

Flax cloth is a curious homespun made in Canada by the women of the country districts. Their city cousins have converted it into attractive fancy pieces for household decoration.

It is darned with a fleecy wool for bedspreads, tablecovers and hangings.

The mother who never tells her child that her work is nice, but who ever reminds her that it is no more than is expected of her, is not following the right method.

The Despised Flannel Skirt.

It is actually worn again. It is fitted as carefully as a princess frock.

It is warranted not to "bunch." The latest is a silk skirt lined with flannel.

This gives warmth, and keeps the flannel from riding up when rubbed against an outer skirt.

The plain flannel skirt is often made with a carefully fitted hip yoke.

Again it is completely circular, fitted over the hips and with fullness around the knees.

The most usual finish around the bottom is scallops, heavily padded and worked in buttonhole stitch, or crocheted lace.

The evening gown with the round neck and short mousquetaire sleeves will be popular.

Ribbons have been coming gradually into fashion again as trimming.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvina Sprague, 11 Langdon Street.
Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
Kinsley, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
South, N.Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
Corwallville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. H. Brown.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Imse, 863 1st St., German.

Change of Life.
South Bend, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Celia, 1014 S. Lafayette Street.
Noah, Kentucky.—Mrs. A. A. Glen.
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Lousignot, 207 S. Market St.
Paterson, N.J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 195 Hamburg Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garret Street.
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.

Worchester, Mass.—Mrs. Dasyia Coté, 117 Southgate Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. First Street.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Alwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muehant.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 215 Gilbert Avenue.

Mogador, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Mangos, Box 111.
Dewittville, N.Y.—Mrs. A. A. Glen.
Johnstown, N.Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Sagan, 108 E. Main Street.
Burtonview, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenhahn.

Hamstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Adrian, Mich.—Mrs. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. Y. P. P. 29 South Addison Street.
Lomberville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3222 Fourth St.

South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Moldrum Avenue, German.

Organic Displacements.
Mosier, Ill.—Mrs. Mary Hall.
Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. F. D. No. 1.
Barstow, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.

Lewistown, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 58 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shawnee, Mo.—Mrs. Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 21.
Marion, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. J. J. Route No. 3, Box 41.

Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Oella, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Fondulion, Ind.—Mrs. Mary Marshall, R.R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

THE REASON.



Wearry—Geo! I wonder wot dat dorg bit me on the foot for?

His Friend—"I suppose it's cause he couldn't reach no higher."

The Remarkable Trimming.
"Jimmy," said the pretty actress to her actor husband, "won't you run down to the milliner's and get me the hat I ordered?"

"Sure I won't make a mistake?" queried Jimmy, somewhat dubiously, with a caution born of an utter ignorance of millinery.

"Oh, you won't," laughed the spouse. "My hat is the white beaver trimmed with orchids. You can remember that."

Gamely he went to his doom. Entering the milliner's shop, he asked, valiantly: "Is my wife's hat ready? I mean the white beaver, trimmed with orchids. You can remember that."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

In Cannibal Land.

First Cannibal—Thas last mission-ary was a polite fellow.

Second Cannibal—How so?

First Cannibal—Before I ate him he offered me an after-dinner cigar.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend turns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

has no substitute. No other remedy is so effective for rheumatism, lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, or cold of any sort. Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles.

The right kind of experience is worth all it costs.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped, only tobacco in its natural state.

Often the milk of human kindness tastes of the can.

Not Sisters

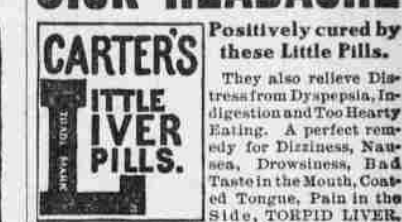
Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of women is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N.Y.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all the troubles arising from an Impure and Unhealthy Bowels. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know CARTER'S Little Liver Pills value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, just try CARTER'S once—you'll see.

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

ZAPF'S HY-G-NIC

Manufactured by Max Zapf

622 Pine Street

St. Louis, Missouri

First-class repairing. Every cigar dealer ought to sell this.

Only Anti-Nicotine Pipe

which sells at \$1.00. If your dealer don't sell this pipe, ask him to handle it or write the manufacturer.

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